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TIS FREEDOM'S PROUD ENSIGN.
SONG BY MISS ANNIE RUSH, OF PHILADELPHIA, WITH GREAT ECLAT.

WORDS BY A. WATSON ATWOOD.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the hour of danger, when peril is nigh,
The ensign we float in the broad breeze of heaven,
Beneath its dear folds all nations may fly,
To seek for that rest which is elsewhere forbidden.

Then protect it we must,

If in "God be our trust,"

Let us fly to our standard,

And see us from the dust.

For 'tis freedom's red ensign, that ne'er shall be furled

To the eyes of proud freemen, to the gaze of the world.

How oft when the war cry shrieked wildly around,
Hath the hopes of the soldier been suddenly brightened,
While, gazing on high, saw the staff was still crowned
With the banner of victory, the signal enlightened.

Shall I strike for the brave?

Aye! this be my grave—

I'll fight, for kind beats,

My country to save.

For 'tis freedom's white ensign, that ne'er shall be furled

To the eyes of proud freemen, to the gaze of the world.

III.

How long must the traitor be suffered to fling
His taunts, and his threats, at the flag which protects him?

The word which he utters must certainly bring
The vengeance and wrath of a nation upon him;

The banner shall wave,

And no blessings we'll crave

From those who would wish us

A mortal or slave:

For 'tis freedom's blue ensign, that ne'er shall be furled

To the eyes of proud freemen, to the gaze of the world.

IV.

In the hour of danger, when peril is nigh,
The ensign we float in the broad breeze of Heaven,

Beneath its dear folds all nations may fly,

To seek for that rest which is elsewhere forbidden.

Then protect it we must,

For in "God be our trust,"

We have flown to our standard,

And seized from the dust.

'Tis the Red, White and Blue that shall be unfurled,

To the eyes of proud freemen, the hope of the world.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24, 1861.

THE SHARPERS FOILED; OR, PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman, AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"As you love me, mother, spare me from him," said Louise, laughingly. "He is a being who thinks nothing in life so amusing as plaid pantaloons, perfumery, poetry, and Parker."

"Well, well," replied her mother; "then there is Colonel Castron."

"Bearded like a pard, and an eye like a hyena. No, no, mother, not him," said Louise.

"Mr. Gray, then."

"A man of whom we know nothing."

"But he's handsome, child."

"True, but who is he?"

"He is rich—dresses well."

"Has a multitude of faults."

"Those his bank-notes cover."

"Name some one else—the list is long," cried Emma.

"Yes, thanks to my careful management, it is. Well, Louise, what think you of Mr. Hudson?"

"I think nothing of him. He is so shy, so reserved, he leaves no chance for thought. Still, I prefer him to any you have named, and if it were not for certain things."

"Which certain things," said Mrs. Winter, "can all be comprised under the name of Lorromer."

"True, mother," replied Louise, calmly, "for I love him."

If the family had not at this time been deeply interested in their own conversation, they would have noticed that at the mention of the name of Lorromer, a crimson flush spread itself over the face of Susan Winter; and she bent her head over a book to hide her confusion.

"Yes, mother," said Louise, "I love him."

"And why should she not?" interposed Emma; "he has been so kind, so good to us."

"Who but he, saved us from almost utter misery?" queried Louise. "Was it not through him that we are enabled to live in the style we do?"

"Children," said Mrs. Winter, sternly, "listen to me. I acknowledge that we owe a heavy debt of gratitude to Henry Lorromer. Gratitude is a mighty uncomfortable thing to have to pay. So much is expected of you, that the task is a heavy one. Since you have been in what are vulgarly termed your 'teens,' I have endeavored to inculcate into your minds, the principles that I find meet with the most favor in this world. These are, your 'pocket first—your heart second.' Acting on this maxim, Louise, you cannot marry Henry Lorromer. He is not rich."

"He is, mother, in good qualities," cried Emma.

"True," rejoined the woman of the world; "but they

cannot procure carriages, nor silks, nor diamonds. His salary would be insufficient to support you in the style I trust to see you in, before I follow your poor, dear father to his grave."

"And here the artful woman applied her handkerchief to her eyes, with every symptom of the deepest grief.

"But, mother," cried Emma, "Harry may yet be rich. You know his uncle—"

"Bequeathed the whole of his property to his other nephew, Mr. Hudson," rejoined Mrs. Winter. "Col. Castron told me this to-day."

"How knows he this? The will has not yet been opened," cried Louise, trembling, hopefully.

"The Colonel was informed of it by some Mr. Grim, who drew up the will. And, by-the-way, the will is to be read here to-night. If by some strange accident Mr. Lorromer should be the heir, I, of course, counsel you to accept his hand. If, on the contrary, as you have a liking for Mr. Hudson, why—"

"Enough, enough, mother, you will kill me," cried Louise.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Winter, coolly rising; "love attacks are not dangerous. Remember Louise, it depends upon yourself to choose between affluence and happiness on the one side, and penury and misery on the other." So saying, the heartless woman left the room. For a moment after her departure, Louise lay sobbing in Emma's arms; then looking up, she said softly:

"Don't you think mamma is very selfish, Emma?"

"Somewhat so, my dear Louise; but then she is our mother, you know, and besides, Louise dear, it is much better to be rich than poor."

"Right," suddenly interposed the voice of Susan Winter. "Right. Better, by far die, than be poor. Oh! cousin Louise, as you value your happiness, your peace of mind, wed not with a poor man. Misery, ruin, await you, if you heed not my warning."

"Right, Susan, dear, what sills you! I never saw you so agitated before," said Emma.

"No, no; but I—I don't feel well."

"Well, Louise, dear, come to our room, and we there can talk each other into good spirits," said Emma, smiling; and the two left the room.

"Agitated!" murmured Susan, rising and pacing the room with rapid strides. "Agitated! Am I not human? Yes, yes, I am. Oh! that would that I were not—that this heart of mine, that beats so quickly, was of marble. I love—I love—unloved. Oh! Harry, Harry, did you not know the true heart that is pledged to you, you would give me at least one kind look, one smile. And my aunt, too; she treats me with coolness, disdain, and marked insult! Oh! that I were free from this accursed thralldom. And I will be free. I will work, work, though I die; though I hunger, thirst, I shall leave here and be free!" Then pausing a moment, the excited girl continued in a softer, gentler tone: "But if I should leave, I may see him no more, and that thought is maddening. And again, perhaps, who knows, he may think kindly of me—he may—he may. Oh! would to heaven I had a friend to advise and counsel me," cried the wretched girl aloud.

"You have, Susan, if you'll take me for one," said a gay, manly voice in the doorway.

Hastily turning in her alarm, Susan beheld the well-known face and figure of our friend, Mr. Gus Mordaunt.

"So you want a friend, do you?" he repeated, as he stepped into the room. "Well, I'm your man, up to anything. What'll I do? Carry a challenge, fight for you, revenge an insult, or what is it? Anything in the way of dress? No! Oh! you want to go to the ball. All right; I'll take you. We'll go to the big fight first, you know, though. Morrissey and the Boy. Great time that'll be. Where's the girls?" he asked suddenly, but without giving Susan time to answer, he ran on: "By-the-way, met Lorromer this morning; had a fight last night—knocked the him down."

"He is injured?" cried Susan, anxiously.

"Who, Lorromer? Oh, no. He knocked the thief down. By-the-way, he told me something about saving an uncle of yours from the hounds. An old buffer said he'd just come from California, got the rocks, and got rocked coming here. Bad joke, frightful."

"His name, can you tell me?" asked Susan.

"Name—name! pot hooks. No, it wasn't—it is Mark! mark that; he can't be much, for our old teacher used to give me any quantity of marks at school. Horrible joke. How do you do, Louise?" added the volatile Gus as that young lady entered the room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ASSEMBLAGE—THE WILL.

The inquiry of Gus. Mordaunt having been replied to by Miss Louise Winter in the usual mechanical manner, "Very well, thank you"—which Gus didn't believe, because the eyes of Louise were red with weeping—he kept his thoughts to himself, and rattled on in his usual style:

"Glad to hear it; made an early call; taint for myself, though; no. It's for Lorromer—he wanted me to bring a note—here it is—must be a proposal—leave you here to read it. Come along, Susan—we'll travel for the back room." And seizing Susan around the waist, he bent through the passage connecting the two rooms.

For a moment Louise gazed on the letter Gus. had thrust into her hands; then she tore it open and eagerly perused it. That its contents were interesting, was evident from the different emotions depicted in her face. Alarm, surprise, interest, and joy by turns possessed her mind, and she read it through the second time, then applied it to her lips, and wasted a score of kisses on the dull, inanimate paper. Then there came a revulsion; for, like the lightning's blast, did a sudden thought strike her, and clutching the paper nervously in her grasp, she sank upon the sofa, and burst into tears.

"Hallo! a rain-storm!" ejaculated Gus., who at that moment entered the room, in company with Mrs. Winter. "Look here, widow; see here's Louise capsized in a hard shower."

Mrs. Winter ran hastily to her daughter, and tore the letter that had caused the flood from her grasp. Rapidly scanning it over, she placed it in woman's universal depository—her bosom, and hastened to revive her daughter.

"Louise, my child, be firm," she whispered; "your uncle, returned so suddenly, must be sick. By proper management you may become his heiress."

"But Harry—Harry—his—" broke in the blushing girl.

"We shall see, we shall see," was the cold reply. Then Mrs. Winter turned to Gus., who had seated himself, and remarked:

"The receipt of the sudden news, or rather of the news of the arrival of the sole remaining brother of my poor lamented husband"—and here the artful woman went

through a pantomime with her handkerchief, expressive of the deepest grief.

"Don't see anything to cry about in that. He's got money; do you good to see it. Cheer up, Louise, he won't kill you. All right—I like to see sunshine through clouds; it makes such pretty colors," replied Gus., who was not deceived, however, by the widow, but chose to make it appear that he was. Some further conversation ensued between the parties, of no interest to the reader, until they were interrupted by a new arrival—Mr. Maurice St. Cecil.

Mr. St. Cecil was a dandy of the first water, got up after the most approved fashion. His pants were of the Rus-pavement pattern, with a view of the Mississippi river running down the sides, and in their shape resembling two of the pyramids of Egypt inverted. His vest was so extremely 'loud' and intense, that it seemed in danger of spontaneous combustion. A flaming red necklace encircled a collar that evidently imperilled the safety of Mr. St. Cecil's throat; a coat that was in no wise peculiar, excepting the color thereof, which can best be described as a chocolate grey; Genin tile, and yellow "little goat's" gloves, completed his costume.

"Aw, my dear Mrs. Winter, how d'ye do? Weally this cool weather adds quite a charming color to your blood-like countenance. Why, Miss Louise, you're most I'm glad to see you; Mr. Mordaunt, your most obedient," and Mr. St. Cecil removed his hat, and thrusting his fingers loosely through his hair, sat himself down by the side of Gus., who, by the way, entertained a most thorough contempt for that gentleman.

"Aw, Mr. Mordaunt, aw, been to the opera," said Mr. St. Cecil, languidly.

"Opera, nonsense; you've been there, I suppose, or you think you've been there; but how do you go?"

"Get a carriage, drive to Ullmann's big shop, buy a book, go in, provide yourself with a bouquet, prima donna enters charming girl, in danger of being spoiled though—throw bouquet—hear her sing—fine voice—can't understand her though—look at the book—agitate you can go—home—and sounds! you've been to the opera."

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me," cried Harry; "but, no, no, she gives him. Help me, Gus, for I am faint," and he clutched wildly at a chair.
TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JACK Scheretad, N. Y.—Your question, "What is the highest number scored at billiards?" is a difficult one to reply to, and can best be done by giving you some of the principal counts. Dr. Allen, of Boston, ran 8150 points, at the full American game. H. G. H. of Albany, 701, at the spot ball game, ran 1,700. Phelan has run 243 around the table. Tieman, of Cincinnati, 226 at caroms. Diddley Kavanagh, 177. An Amateur, at Phelps' Rooms, recently ran 898 at carom pool. Other high counts have been claimed, but the above are the most authentic.

Z. BELL, St. Louis.—"I wish to trouble you with the solution of a game of seven up, as there is a difference of opinion concerning it, and a wager bet on it. Myself and a friend are playing; the game stands, six and six; my friend has the deal, and I the beg; he turns the Jack, and I hold the ace and deuce. Who wins the game?".....The dealer wins, he having turned up Jack, which is scored immediately. When Jack is in hand, it does not count until after high and low.

H. E.—As we stated in our last, according to a strict construction of the reading of the agreement, the highest and next highest are entitled to the two prizes; but most players contend that the two highest, when alike, take the prize, merely throwing off for choice. The proper way to avoid disputes of this kind would be to have it fairly understood before throwing, that the two highest throws take the prize.

SCHREIBER.—A party of four throw dice for a dollar a corner. A and B throw 14; C and D throw under A and B. Can C and D put in a dollar each, and throw for the pot without the consent of A and B, or can A and B insist on their right only to throw off their die for the pot?".....A and B can do as they please in the matter, either throw off, or permit the others to come in on the payment of additional dollar each.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If one party had equal facilities with the other for getting at the facts of the subject in dispute, the bet is good, and is decided on its merits. 2 Does not admit of a general answer—depends upon the constitution, etc. 3. Her early history is involved in obscurity. A dozen pedigrees, almost, have been hunted up for her.

YOUNG RAPID, Philadelphia.—"A tosses up a quarter with B for the drinks. Is it a bet?" A says no, because each party receiving a drink, no one is the loser. How is it?".....It is a go; for if the drinks were paid for, the party paying for them is the loser. If they were not paid for, the bar loses.

J. H. St. Clair.—A few gold dollars, we are informed, were struck off, dated 1850, but they did not go into general circulation. After the above date, there were none issued until 1849.

J. F. S., Camp Winfield.—They can hold you for the time you enlisted, and that is all. 2 We are not positive, but incline to the opinion that General Wool is the eldest.

SUMMIT HILL.—B had no right to throw up his hand; neither had C. 2 Scores whatever he makes by his hand. 3. A had a right to give one when the other hand begged.

N. A. M., Rochester.—1. Miss Lucille Weston was married in St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 11, 1859, to James Harrison Mead, of Boston. 2. Yes, they will be given a turn.

J. H. B., Alexandria.—We are over-run with letters just now, and as we had a notice of the entertainment already in type, we were obliged to omit yours.

AMERIKA.—Your letter will be given in our next. We are "squeezed" for room this week.

PATCH, Boston.—Will make the necessary inquiries, and inform you of the result in next week's CLIPPER.

J. P., Belletowne.—The book was forwarded per mail, a few days subsequently.

C. WHITNEY, Philadelphia.—Forwarded your letter according to address given by you.

J. G. HART, Pearl Street House, Boston.—Book received. Accept our sincere thanks for your kindness.

WORLD, N. Y.—An Ace, Deuce, King, Queen, and Jack, is not recognized as a straight, in the game of bluff.

W. F. B., Pittsburgh.—1. No. 7, current volume. 2. Fredericks & Co., No. 557 Broadway, New York.

INQUIRERS, Fairfield, Va.—We do not know the party. He may have performed in this city, however, under some other name.

E. H. G., Boston.—Make your case known to a responsible practitioner.

A UNION MAN.—You throw the responsibility of the statement upon us, by not attaching your address to the article.

F. GOSSIN.—Letter forwarded. What picture do you refer to?

SKATES.—There never was a time when such an infinite variety of skates or so good a quality of the article was to be had in the market as now; and yet of this great variety for sale, probably not one pair out of twenty are what they should be, in material and method of fastening to the foot. The majority of skates are made of a very inferior quality of steel, and unless skates are made with the hardest and best material, the sharp edge, so necessary to their perfect use, rapidly wears off, and for all purposes of executing any difficult evolutions, except at the risk of a severe fall, they become almost useless.

In reference to the best mode of fastening them to the feet, there are but two methods that we can fully recommend;

indeed, there are but two that do not cramp the feet, and by impeding the circulation of the blood, keep them continually cold and painful.

Unless the feet feel comfortably warm, and the muscles are allowed freedom of movement, the skater can never fully enjoy the sport. In fact, a badly fastened skate destroys all the pleasure of skating, and in some instances it becomes a source of torture rather than pleasure. The two methods alluded to are as follows: the one is to fasten the skate to the heel of the boot by a screw, and instead of straps have the remainder of the skate attached to the boot by leather or cloth, so as to cover the boot like an overshoe; by this means the skate fits closely, and the feet are kept warm. But the best method is that of fastening the steel of the skate to the boot itself, by which means the foot is kept free in its movements, and the skate held firmly to the feet. The best plan of fastening the skate to the boot, and at the same time allowing the boots to be worn in common every day, is that adopted by Mr. Mundell, of 116 Fulton street, Brooklyn. It is known as the Costello patent. The boot is first prepared with a thick sole, to which is attached a metal plate, in which the two tenons of the skate are made to fit, a screw at once fastening the skate to the heel, and keeping it firmly in its place.

THE PUGS, AND SPORTS OF LONDON.—In next week's CLIPPER we intend to give a fresh instalment of our correspondent's (Ned James') impressions of the great city of London, and London life. In the course of these sketches, our correspondent will introduce the CLIPPER readers to the following sporting houses, and describe what is to be seen and heard there—Jem Mace's, Alec Keene's, Jem Ward's, Peter Crawley's, Joe Rowe's, Harry Broome's, Jemmy Welsh's, Jim Padney's, Jem Burns's, Bob Brettle's, Ben Terry's, Bodger Crutchley's, etc., etc., and give matter-of-fact easy talk which every one may understand. "Ed James" is a close observer of men and manners, and notices things as he sees them with an impartial eye. He has been the rounds of London sporting houses—has seen and conversed with nearly all sports of any note—and will, as an American in London, give us a better idea of London life and London sporting characters than we could expect from any other source. He is well versed in fistic lore, and understands something of all sporting matters. His sketches, therefore, will be very interesting to the general reader. Look out for next week's CLIPPER.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"—That's the way to begin our paragraph, and that's the way to begin the New Year in all our greetings. Towards our readers, and patrons generally, who have so nobly stood by us during the past year, and who continue to shower their favors upon us for the future, how could we be otherwise than grateful and full of good wishes? We rather think that our disposition to deserve and retain their "good will" for the CLIPPER may be seen to "stick out all over" our well-filled columns. Our political horizon is now much brighter. A new year is before us; and, hearke' ye, boys; remember our favorite quotation, "There's a good time coming!" The CLIPPER will always be found equal to every emergency. In the mean time, A Happy New Year to all!

BILLIARD SALOON OPENING.—The admirers of billiards will soon have additional opportunities for gratifying their propensity, on tables good and true, with an even balanced cue, etc., etc. At No. 22 Courtland street, up stairs, where Mr. Michael Geary, the celebrated player from Chicago, will henceforth hang out his shingle. A grand opening takes place there Thursday evening, Jan. 2, when Messrs. Phelan, White, Kavanagh, Lake and other masters of the art will be present to give practical examples of the movement of the spheres.

TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES.—We are decidedly in favor of the "largest liberty" in all matters of discussion, but this implies that the discussion shall be carried on fairly; otherwise, there is very likely to be a concession, somewhere. Take an example. On Sunday evening last, an Englishman and a Jerseyman undertook to settle our international affairs with Great Britain better than Mr. Seward and Earl Russell. So long as the conversation was "on the square," there was not only no objection made, but much amusement afforded. If the parties had adjourned, taken a friendly glass, read the *Albion*, the *Currier*, or some such really readable newspaper, they might have spent a very agreeable evening, and each been the better for the other's remarks. But they had evidently been influenced by the (supposed) "respectable papers," and the Englishman began making taunts about the intended rendition of Messrs. Shill and Mason, etc. This style of argument was no way to state the case, because the quiet dignity of our government in restoring the troublesome personages taken from the Trent is not so viewed by persons qualified to understand the subject, and we venture to say that in England itself our magnanimity will be properly appreciated. The "bad specimen" of an Englishman, (who, we are sorry to say, is said to be connected with the Canard steamers) would insist upon continuing his boastful taunts. One of the Americans resented it, and a fight was the result. As usual in such scenes of sudden excitement, outsiders interfered, and, during the general melee, the Englishman was stabbed, giving a bad but not dangerous wound on his head. He was taken to Dr. Varick's and the wound dressed, but the guilty parties contrived to escape. At such a diplomatic time as the present, our English friends (some of the best we have) will do well to learn the first requisite for a diplomatist—dignity. If our advice is not taken, "something will drop" some day. Experience is a hard school, but some scholars will never learn at any other. Let us all show that we are sincere in making any reasonable sacrifice for peace, and enjoy our glass with our paper, discussing in fraternity with the "land we live in."

THE INDIAN AND THE PRINCE.—Elsewhere will be found a report of another race won by the American Indian, Deerfoot, and witnessed by the Prince of Wales. The Prince gave the Indian a purse of money, and had a "talk" with his Indian sibs. Deerfoot is playing his points nicely, in England, and has already caused the Britabers of a clever little pile. He dresses up in Indian gear for the benefit of our transatlantic "neighbors," and gives the war whoop to the great delight of the crowds that follow him. In this country, as Bonnett, he appeared dressed up in good store clothes, without paint or polish. He is "doing" All England with a vengeance.

A GOOD TRAINER.—That noble-hearted American, G. F. Train, is still working with all his might in England, in behalf of the North.

A correspondent says he heard him lecture in Birmingham a short time since, and he assures us "he can sweep a crossing." Mr. Train looks quite young, has an agreeable expression, a profusion of black, curly hair, and wears a moustache and imperial. A hearty welcome awaits the patriot's return to America.

A LITTLE SPORT AT NEW ORLEANS.—The annual winter meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club, of Louisiana, took place as usual, but under any thing but flattering auspices. The profits—what little there were—were devoted to the volunteer fund. The contribution, small in itself, was made to look more like a contribution, by individual subscriptions. The official summary of the meeting will be found in another part of this issue.

AT IT AGAIN.—That "big picture" of the International Fight proved such a decided failure, that the publisher, Mr. Newbold, found it necessary to make many alterations and additions. Among the latter is a portrait of Tom Hyer, who, like many others whose likenesses are given on the picture, was not present at the fight. Newbold made a bad job of the affair from the start, and he had better give it up altogether. In this country, we want something real.

THE EX CHAMPION ON HORSEBACK.—Tom Sayers, who has now an

interest in a circus travelling in Great Britain, appears on horseback at each performance, and is said to "stand up" and drive with "great fluency." His present ring performances are as successful as his achievements in the prize ring. Go it, Tommy.

NOW SO.—The London *Sporting Life* learns that "Aaron Jones and Jemmy Masseys were killed in America, while fighting under the banners of the confederate army." It was reported here that Jones was killed, but we subsequently learned that he "still lives" in the shady South. Masseys, we believe, is in Canada. At least he was there when last we heard of him.

YOUNG BACHELORS' DRAMATIC AND SOCIAL UNION.—The first entertainment of this association takes place this Monday evening, Dec. 30th, at Dramatic Hall, Houston street, near Broadway. For the complimentary resolution passed by the Union, and an invitation to be present, we tender our thanks.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING.—In this number of the CLIPPER we give the first of the series of contests in the American Prize Ring. It is a report of the battle between Yankee Sullivan and Bell. We shall print an extra edition, in order that those who may not be able to procure the papers now, may have an opportunity to purchase them hereafter.

THE OATH.—We don't hear much about the oath of allegiance just now. What's the matter? Is the mockery played out?

A MERICAN FISTIANA.

OPERATIONS IN THE PRIZE RING DURING THE YEAR 1861.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Burns beat Seymour, Clear Creek, Texas, 19 rounds, 40 min. Jan. 31.

Drumgold, John, beat J. H. Stockey, alias Scotty of Brooklyn, Richmond, Va., \$100 21 rounds, 35 minutes, Jan. 15.

Donnelly Billy, and John Hickey were to have fought near New York, \$300, Jan. 8. They were arrested at the instance of Donnelly's father, it is said, and bound over to keep the peace for one year. Hickey received the money.

Frank's beat Smith, Hoboken, \$10 a side, 4 rounds, 45 min., Dec. 8.

Foss beat Gray, Dover, N. H., 4 rounds, March 14.

Graham, William, beat Frank Lynch, Batavia, N. Y., \$50, 3 rounds, Feb. 21.

Georghegan, Owney, beat Ed. Tochey, Staten Island, \$75 a side, 45 rounds, 61 min., April 18.

Gleason, Pete, beat Tom Jennings, Chicago, Ill., purse, 11 rounds, 43 min., May 21.

Gibson, George, English pugilist, died at Cincinnati, O., June 21.

Hart, Carter, beat Jack Dano, Nelson, N. Y., \$100, 27 rounds, Jan. 1, after 2nd.

Hollywood, Tom, beat Unknown, New York, \$25 a side, 32 rounds, 55 min., Aug. 14.

Jennings, James, beat Jack Reilly, foul, New Albany, Ind. 5 rounds, 37 min., March 27.

Kelly, Australian, and Tom Flynn had a turn up, at 600 Broadway, 15 minutes, Feb. 26.

Moran, Tom, beat Jim Hancly, Fort Umpqua, Oregon, \$20, 12 rounds, Jan. 5.

McDade, Wm., beat Wm. McGreyl, New York, 11 rounds, 10 min., April 23.

McCool beat Tom Jennings, New Orleans, \$300 a side, 27 rounds, 33 min., May 2.

Monahan, Tim, beat Nell Doyle, St. Louis, \$25 a side, 18 rounds, May 7. Doyle fell without a blow.

Morris, Johnny, draw with Frank Keary, Boston, \$100 a side, 38 rounds, 63 min., June 10.

Monahan, Tim, beat Martin Faherty, Bloody Island, near St. Louis, \$35 a side, 6 rounds, 20 min., July 7.

McCullif beat McCabe, Weehawken, 130 rounds, 145 min., Sept. 9.

Oren, J. C. beat Coas Delano, Denver City, \$100 a side, 3 rounds, April 6.

Oren, Co., beat Enoch Davies, Denver City, \$1,000 a side, 100 rounds, 100 min., Aug. 24.

Powers, J. beat James McGrath, White River, Arkansas, \$100 a side, 36 rounds, 95 min., Aug. 26.

Reid beat Donald, London, C. W., \$2 min., March 28.

Rooney beat Riley, Washington, D. C., \$10, 11 rounds, 39 min., July 10.

Roche, Johnny, beat Jim Twistrum, New York, for a small sum, 36 rounds, 61 min., Aug. 9.

Scott, Jim, beat Andy Young, Belleville, Ill., \$100, 138 rounds, 115 min., May 18. Young fell without a blow.

Tracy, Matt, beat Bill Blackwood, Storm's Raues, Cal., \$1000 a side, 30 rounds, 45 minutes, Jan. 3.

Webb, Tom, beat Harry Clarke, Memphis, Tenn., purse, 54 rounds, March 23.

Walton, Bill, beat David Matthias, Indianapolis, Ind., \$25 a side, 6 rounds, 15 min., Aug. 24.

WILLIARD SALOON OPENING.—The admirers of billiards will soon have additional opportunities for gratifying their propensity, on tables good and true, with an even balanced cue, etc., etc. At No. 22 Courtland street, up stairs, where Mr. Michael Geary, the celebrated player from Chicago, will henceforth hang out his shingle. A grand opening takes place there Thursday evening, Jan. 2, when Messrs. Phelan, White, Kavanagh, Lake and other masters of the art will be present to give practical examples of the movement of the spheres.

THE CHAMPION.—We are decidedly in favor of the "largest liberty" in all matters of discussion, but this implies that the discussion shall be carried on fairly; otherwise, there is very likely to be a concession, somewhere. Take an example. On

Sunday evening last, an Englishman and a Jerseyman undertook to settle our international affairs with Great Britain better than Mr. Seward and Earl Russell. So long as the conversation was "on the square," there was not only no objection made, but much amusement afforded.

If the parties had adjourned, taken a friendly glass, read the *Albion*, the *Currier*, or some such really readable newspaper, they might have spent a very agreeable evening, and each been the better for the other's remarks. But they had evidently been influenced by the (supposed) "respectable papers," and the Englishman began making taunts about the intended rendition of Messrs. Shill and Mason, etc. This style of argument was no way to state the case, because the quiet dignity of our government in restoring the troublesome personages taken from the Trent is not so viewed by persons qualified to understand the subject, and we venture to say that in England itself our magnanimity will be properly appreciated. The "bad specimen" of an Englishman, (who, we are sorry to say, is said to be connected with the Canard steamers) would insist upon continuing his boastful taunts. One of the Americans resented it, and a fight was the result. As usual in such scenes of sudden excitement, outsiders interfered, and, during the general melee, the Englishman was stabbed, giving a bad but not dangerous wound on his head. He was taken to Dr. Varick's and the wound dressed, but the guilty parties contrived to escape. At such a diplomatic time as the present, our English friends (some of the best we have) will do well to learn the first requisite for a diplomatist—dignity. If

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED
 SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
 AND ADVOCATE OF

Physical and Mental Recreations for the People.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,

No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—As an effort to the numerous skating clubs of Brooklyn that have "set a price" upon the heads of those who may desire to skate on their ponds, the People's Independent Skating Club of Brooklyn have resolved to throw open their pond, located between Third and Fourth Avenues, Fourth and Sixth streets, South Brooklyn, free to all who may desire to indulge in the merry sport. We append the Constitution as adopted, with the rules and regulations, and call particular attention to the law rule, which is of no minor importance to skaters and others who frequent skating ponds:—

ART. 1. This Association shall be known as the People's Independent Skating Club of South Brooklyn.

ART. 2. All that is required of those wishing to become members of this Association, is to conduct themselves while enjoying the pleasures of the pond, as gentlemen, and be willing to perform their share of the duties required by the officers of the Club.

ART. 3. The officers of the Club shall consist of a President, twenty Vice-Presidents and a Secretary, who shall constitute an Executive Committee, which shall conduct all the business of the Club.

ART. 4. As no funds are necessary to keep the Association afloat, nor initiation fees levied for admittance, and no picket fences required to exclude any particular class of the people, the Association being purely democratic in every sense of the word, the office of Treasurer is therefore deemed unnecessary.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. The Pond will be the place for holding meetings, as the open air is very conducive to the general health.

2. Ladies and children shall have access to the Pond at all times, and it shall be a standing rule and duty with every member to assist and contribute, under all circumstances, to their enjoyment, while they grace the Pond with their enlivening presence.

3. It will be the duty of members to notify gentlemen smoking segars that the greatest inconvenience, nay, injury, they can put upon the skating community is by throwing their discarded segars upon the ice; most of the injuries received last year were through the inadvertence of smokers. JOHN WILLIAMS, President.

ROBERT THOMPSON, Secretary.

A LONG TROT.—NINETY-SIX MILES IN ELEVEN HOURS.—A young horse, one of an excellent span of matched bays, which carried off the premium at a recent Horse Fair held at Newton, N. J., belonging to J. D. Konkle, of that place, made the above time on the Muck-lobby track, of the 12th inst., and came out after his labors in excellent condition. The match against time was made in Newark some time since, in consequence of a bet offered by Mr. Snyder, of that city, challenging Mr. Konkle to make the ninety-six miles in twelve hours, on a bet of one hundred dollars. A regular contract was drawn up, and Mr. Konkle began fitting his horse for the work. On the evening previous, Mr. Snyder, who went to Newark, backed square out of his bet, and decided he would have nothing to do with it, as he had bet the horse could not do it with a mate by his side. As there was nothing said as to how the horse was to travel, this backing out was held to be only a miserable subterfuge to save his money, which he undoubtedly did do, but by his last considerable repudiation as a sporting man, so forfeit was put up, and Mr. S. had the benefit of doing a "small thing on Snyder." Mr. Konkle, who had but a small amount on the result with outside parties, besides having some friends who had staked on his horse, went in and won the race, making the ninety-six miles in eleven hours and two minutes, establishing the reputation of the horse, who is only five years old, as one of the most enduring and game animals in the country. The hour of starting was five o'clock, A. M., and the work was through by four o'clock, P. M. For the first forty miles the mate drew the entire load. For the next forty miles the pull was even for both horses. A fresh horse was then deemed advisable, and was accordingly brought in, and for the remainder of the distance the mate took the task of pulling the load. The difficulty of a frozen and rough track was encountered at first, and after half the distance, the track was quite as hard on the horse from mud, causing him to slip occasionally. A correct measurement of the track shows that the horse actually travelled ninety-seven and one-third miles, in the eleven hours and two minutes.

A SHOOTING STORY.—It is said that a man named W. H. Tibbets, at Wolfborough, N. H., recently, seeing a flock of crows hovering around a large hawk perched on the top of a pine tree, got his gun to shoot the hawk, and in getting a position to fire discovered a large white owl sitting in the same tree, below the hawk. He aimed at the hawk, close by the owl, and fired. He and a neighbor picked up the hawk, the owl, and two crows, as the result of the shot—a very singular medley of game to be brought down at one shot.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

LYSANDER S. THOMPSON.

Mr. Thompson was born in Knaresborough, Yorkshire, Eng., July 18, 1817. At an early age he entered the English navy, as a midshipman, in which capacity, though never engaged in any hostile demonstrations, he performed many arduous and valuable services, and showed a great amount of energy and ability. He was second officer on board the revenue cutter which was employed in sounding and marking the intricate and dangerous channels of the river Mersey. In the service he was exposed to great perils, and several times was placed in situations from which he narrowly escaped with life. There is not a seafaring man, or, in fact, any one who is engaged in a commercial enterprise, than this country and England, but who owes him a debt of gratitude. Many a noble vessel and scores of valuable lives owe their salvation to the engineering ability and untiring energy displayed by him on various occasions.

However, becoming disgusted with the small chances of promotion offered by the naval service, and imbued with strong dramatic tendencies, he at length resolved to quit the service and adopt the stage as a profession. He joined the Hull Circuit, and made his first appearance at a small provincial theatre, as Robin Hood, in "Fortune's Folly." His maiden performance at once stamped him as an actor of rare ability, and from that time he found a decided success in obtaining first-class and lucrative engagements, at nearly every theatre in the north of England.

He made his first bow before a London audience, February 24, 1847, at the City of London Theatre, in his great character of Bob Tyke, in the "School of Reform," and immediately became an immense favorite. He attracted to this theatre a class of audience that had never patronized it before; and, in fact, did that which only a genius can do—drew a theatre, instead of making the thea-

tre elevate him.

In 1850, Mr. Farren offered him an engagement at the Olympic, which he accepted, and performed for two nights, when a serious disagreement with the manager induced him to throw up his engagement, and accept an offer made through T. H. Lucy (the well-known theatrical publisher) on the part of Wm. E. Burton, to visit this country, and enroll himself as one of the company at Mr. Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, New York. Mr. Thompson accepted the offer, crossed the Atlantic, and opened at Burton's, August 23, 1852, as Bob Tyke. The great beauty in his acting was the entire absence of apparent effort, which gave to the effects he produced a most charming air of naturalness. He immediately became a great favorite both on the stage and in private life. His habits were amply social, and he made many warm personal friends. He remained at Burton's three months, and then commenced a starring tour through the country, playing at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, Buffalo, and other places, with great success. His

debut in Philadelphia was December 6, 1852, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Bob Tyke.

After this tour he was engaged by Mr. Wallack for two years, and made his first appearance at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on the 5th of September, 1853, as Tony Nettlefoot, in the comedy of "Love in a Maze." He continued to enact a great variety of characters, and was a great favorite with the patrons of Wallack's. At the close of the season he proceeded to Philadelphia, and played a short engagement at the Chestnut, and then returned to Brooklyn, where he died, after an illness of one week, on Sunday evening, July 22, 1854, of congestion of the brain. His remains were taken to Greenwood. The funeral was attended by nearly every member of the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a brother.

A few months previous to his death, he brought his wife and family to this country, intending to take up his permanent residence in us; and he had just become domiciled in a pleasant residence on Brooklyn Heights. His father, an eminent actor, died some six weeks previous to Lysander's death.

Poor Thompson! It seems but yesterday we met him, bold and confident in all the strength of an iron frame and powerful constitution. We call to mind the generous sympathy that overflowed from his noble, manly heart—we think of the racy jest that "was wont to set the table in a roar," and we can hardly feel that that heart has ceased to beat—that those lips have closed forever. He was of powerful frame, strong intellect, and great common sense; and what endeared him to all who knew him, he was a whole-souled, warm-hearted man—a true friend, and a rare social companion—of rich fancy and infinite jest.

He left a family consisting of a wife and two children, Lysander and Charlotte; the last named is on the stage at present, an ornament to her profession; and the son, Lysander (21 years of age), has already displayed wonderful talent as a landscape and portrait painter, and promises at no distant day to occupy a most distinguished position in the gallery of painters.

There was a truthfulness, a delicacy, a pathos about Mr. Thompson's acting of Zekiel Home-spun, which no actor on the American boards could equal, much less excel. His dialect was natural, pure, effective, but not obtrusive; it was that of a rustic to the manor born, not that of an actor dressed like a country lout. He came upon the stage with a voice so intonative, and in effect so irresistibly ludicrous, as to immediately take possession of, and establish himself with his audience.

"With steady face, and sober, humorous mien,
 He trod the entire of the comic scene,
 The very man, in look, in voice, and air,
 And though upon the stage, appeared no player."

The manner in which Mr. Thompson made up the personages he represented was sufficient to stamp him a man of genius. Through out the whole of his performance of Tyke, there was not the least appearance of art—as striking after effect, no mannerisms or stage trickery—but all was natural and easy.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON.

Bright as the gem that deck the sky,
 Smiling as an aspangled morn,
 Gay as the zephyr's brimful eye,
 Upon the crystal's dawn.

Jean Paul Richter, one of the brightest stars in the firmament of genius, remarks, "We do not discriminate sufficiently when we imagine that the source of woman's power arises principally from the beauty of her countenance. For, although it may begin there, yet the charm and fascination is also manifested in a whole kingdom of great influences, distinguishing her from the other sex; such as the soft and graceful movements of her person, the tones of the voice, the loving moderation evinced in every action and expression, her yielding courtesy, her serene repose, the complete suppression and concealment of her own independent wishes and will where they would clash with those of others." These charming and noble qualities are, doubtless, as the great German supposed, truly typical of the female, and supply the most distinguishing characteristics of her sex. Where these are met with, there is the true woman as nature modeled her, and as the deities intend her to appear. But add to such a woman's qualities that transcendent genius, which heaven has distributed so sparingly to mankind, that man nor woman, more than one in a thousand, can experience its workings in the soul, and you have a being whose influence upon the race is mighty as an electric chain, yet gentle as the descent of evening dew. Herein differs the genius of woman from that of man, that her's will partake of and be modified by all those qualities of her nature which he can only admire, not experience.

By a strange freak, however, genius frequently finds its way to female forms wanting most of those qualities which stamp the representative woman, and in such instances the mental nature is male, whilst the physical is female. In other cases all the charms and graces of womanhood are interwoven with true genius, and the result is a being to charm with her voice, fascinate with her smile, delight with her graces, purify with her kindness, and shed a virtuous lustre on society by her talents—a woman, who is destined to a life of greatness and goodness combined, and whose name and influence is immortal. Such a woman as is described by a well-known poetess:—

"Then went a worship in the ages olden,

"Thou bright-veiled image of divinity;

"Crowded with such gleams, imperial and golden,

"As Phidias gave to immortality;

"A type exquisite of the pure ideal;

"For she made and perfecte lovethness;

"Endued and existent in the real;

"A perfect shape to kneel before and please."

But we are running on again, into an essay, a most unfortunate tendency we have that way, especially when the subject is woman. The temptation to extolate on her virtues, her beauties, and her talents, is so great, that there is no resisting it.

The name of Miss Thompson is familiar to all Philadelphia and New York playgoers. Her talents are so generally known, and so highly appreciated by all the abilities of the theatre, that it is almost unnecessary to advert to them; whilst her beauty, her pleasing manners, graceful movements, and bewitching smile, the most chivalrous knight would not have the courage to call in question. She is the daughter of one of the best actors that ever graced the American stage, and she has inherited a large share of his ability, as well as his popularity. He is no more, and his accomplished child is left to follow his example, in devoting her efforts to the support of herself and her mother.

Miss Thompson was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng., on the 7th of June, 1843. Her first appearance on any stage was at Wallack's Theatre, New York, as Phoebe, in "As You Like It," during the season of 1866-7. The reception she met with was such as to justify the most ardent hopes of her friends; and the talents she displayed sufficient to forbode the position she was hereafter destined to occupy. Her connection with Wallack's theatre was a most important feature in her career, as no better school existed for imparting a good training to those who were desirous of learning their profession, and willing to work hard to accomplish that end thoroughly. Here she became known and recognized as an actress of considerable talent, and day by day made such marked strides, that her fame spread rapidly through the whole circle of playgoers. Our fair heroine quitted the scene of her previous labors, training, and triumphs, received an offer of an engagement from Laura Keene, when she was opening during the season of 1857-8, and closed the season of 1859-9, she played at Savannah, Macon, and Columbus, as the leading lady of Fleming's Circuit company. While playing in Savannah, she was presented with a splendid set of jewelry, consisting of a gold and coral bracelet, breast-plate and ear-drops, of fine design and finished workmanship, each piece being composed of finely wrought gold leaves, with coral flowers and buds. While playing in Macon, Ga., she was the recipient of another set of valuable jewelry. At the close of the season she appeared at Toronto, Canada West, for four weeks. The principal characters assumed were Julia, in the "Hunchback," Lady Teale, Lady Gay Speaker, Sophia, in "Road to Ruin," Cicely Homespun, etc., etc. On the occasion of her farewell benefit, being called before the curtain, she was brought forward by Mr. Chas. Bass, who took the occasion to speak in the highest terms of her as an actress. He said:—"As an actor of forty years' standing, I speak of the great worth of this truly astonishing young actress and most exemplary lady," etc., etc. During the season of 1859-60, she visited Washington, Baltimore, and New Orleans.

White and black are the colors of the chessboard, and the pieces are the figures of men and women, and the moves are the steps of their progress.

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CHRONOLOGY

OF

PRINCIPAL SPORTING EVENTS IN 1861.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JANUARY.

1. A match at quoits was played at Philadelphia for \$50, between J. Clark and A. J. Wilks, which the former won by scoring 60 points to the latter's 41.

1. Two pigeon shooting matches came off at Wilmington, Del. The first was between T. Dunbar and W. Fisher, for \$10 a side, at eight birds each. Won by the former, who killed three to his opponent's one. The second match was for \$20 a side, between P. McCluskey and E. Biddle, at 8 birds. McCluskey won by killing 6 to 5.

1. The winter meeting of the Metairie Race Course, New Orleans, was commenced, continuing for four days, during which time seven races took place.

2. A trot on the ice came off at Mechanictown, N. Y., for \$40, mile basis, best 3 in 5 to sleighs, between b. h. Rockey, s. h. Charlie, and b. h. Andrew Jackson. Rockey won in three straight heats. Time: 2:51; 2:48; 2:46.

5. A billiard match for \$20, 1000 points up, between Messrs. Rowley and Handley, the latter giving 200 points, was won by Rowley by 65 points.

5. A raffle for an ox valued at \$200, took place at Reading, Pa., which was won by Aaron Koop.

5. Barey, the horse tamer, gave his first public lecture at Niblo's Garden, N. Y., which was crowded from pit to dome. The lecture was a success.

8. A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Harry Lazarus, took place at the Art Union, N. Y., which was numerously attended, and some first class sparring was witnessed, particularly in the wind up between Harry Lazarus and Geo. Morton.

8. Barey gave his second lecture at Niblo's N. Y.

9. A three mile foot race for £10 a side between Howard and Mills, in England, was won by Mills, in 16 min. 25 sec.

10. The death of the father of J. C. Heenan, occurred at Troy, N. Y.

11. A Prize Boxing Tournament occurred at Kerrigan's Hall, No. 22 White street, N. Y., which originated with the proprietor, Harry Jennings. The proceeds of the house were divided into four equal parts, three of which were given as prizes, and the other reserved for Squadrangular expenses, etc. Mike Trainor, as the best feather weight; Dan Kerrigan as best light weight; and Johnny Monaghan, as best middle weight; were the recipients of the prize. Some excellent boxing was exhibited.

12. A six mile walking match came off in London, Eng., for £10, between David Broad and Geo. Davis, the former giving one minute start. Broad won in 51 min. 58 sec.

12. A wrestling match between J. Clough and E. Buckley, the former staking £20 to £20, took place at Manchester, Eng. After 45 minutes severe struggling, a draw was agreed to, neither man being able to throw the other.

14. A Curling Match was contested on Mayland Mill Dam, near Philadelphia, between Messrs. Laurie and Lamond. The former, by scoring 11 shots to 7.

15. A skating match open to all England, was decided at Huntingdon, resulting in prizes being distributed as follows.—Mr. Scott £8; Mr. See £3; Mr. Green £1:10; and R. Wilkinson £1:10.

15. The annual meeting of the associated boat clubs, called the Hudson Navy, took place, when the various prizes won at the regatta of Sept. 29, 1860, were distributed. The Light-boat, of the Atlantic Club, Hoboken, received the first prize for six oared outriggers—an elegant silver boat lamp. The Volante, of the Atlantic Club, of New York, took the prize for four-oared boats—a handsome water key, of polished oak, with eight silver hoops, and silver mount piece. The Atlantic of the last named club, gained the prize of the six and eight-oared barges—a beautiful rudder yoke of silver and rosewood.

17. A main of cocks, between New Bedford and Boston, was fought in the last named city, for \$20 a peach battle, and \$100 a side on the main. Seven battles were fought, of which Boston won four.

21. A main of cocks was to have been fought at Luff's, corner of 11th street and Sixth avenue, between the Troy Reds and New York Greys, to weigh from 4 lbs 6 oz. to 6 lbs, for \$50 each battle and \$500 the odd fight. Morrissey backed the former, and Alderman Genet the latter. Just, however, as hostilities were about to commence, Capt. Porter and a posse of police put a veto on the sport. Considerable talk and excitement ensued.

21. A billiard match, 1000 points up, for £50 a side, between C. Hughes and W. Dutton, played in London, Eng., was won by the former, he scoring 1001 to his opponent's 911.

21. A ten mile race was run at Hackney Wick, Eng., by Jackson the American Deer, and J. Golding, for £20. Jackson won in 1 hour 2 min.

23. A curling match for one of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club's medals, took place simultaneously at Quebec and Kingston, C. E., two rinks at each place. The Quebec club won by ten shots to 5.

24. A pigeon shooting match for £100 a side, between J. Donald and T. Foster, near York, Eng., was decided in favor of the former, he killing 54 birds out of 48 double rises, and Foster 46 out of 47.

FEBRUARY.

4. A base ball match on the ice, was played in Brooklyn between the Atlantic and Charter Oak clubs, which the former won by a score of 36 to 27.

5. A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Johnny Monaghan occurred at the "Art Union," N. Y. A crowded house witnessed the entertainment, which was pronounced good.

6. A sheep dressing match, for \$50 a side, was decided at 22 White street, N. Y., between two fast butchers, Roger Gorman and Geo. Macomb. Gorman won by dressing his five sheep in 22 min. 03 sec., while his opponent took 32 min. 13 sec. to perform the same task.

6. The South Carolina Jockey Club Races commenced. The first and principal event was a four mile heat race between Alpine and Planet, which the former won in two straight heats. Time: 7:36 1/2; 7:42 1/2.

6. And 7. A great pigeon shooting match between Messrs. Crossland and Wood, for £100 a side, at 100 birds each, was decided near Sheffield, Eng., in favor of the former, who killed 64 out of 92 to his opponent's 45 out of 92.

10. A cricket match on the ice was played at Chertsey, N. B., sides being chosen by Messrs. Lucas and Moore. The latter won by scoring 119, with four wickets go down, against 97.

18. J. Cornell and Wm. Seeds, contended in a pigeon shoot at Niles, N. J., for \$100 a side, at 25 birds each. Cornell won by killing 23 birds to Seeds 20.

22. A four hundred yards race, for £25 a side, was run at Salford Boroughs Ground, Eng., by J. Nevin and R. Medley, which was won by Nevin.

24. A Champion Racket match was played at Grass Valley, Calif., between Harrigan and Davis of Nevada, and Cleonan and McHenry of Grass Valley. The former won.

25. The champion six mile race at Hackney Wick, Eng., was run between Jas. Padney and J. White, which, after a desperate struggle, was won by Padney in 31 min. 26 sec.

26. Hurst, the Staleyken infant, figured in a pigeon shooting match at Leeds, Eng., in which he was beaten.

26. Con Fitzgerald gave a sparring exhibition at the Alhambra Rooms, 600 Broadway, N. Y., which, peculiarly and otherwise, was a success.

28. Robert and Bowles played several billiard matches at Oxford, Eng., the former giving odds, and winning the majority of the games.

MARCH.

3. A ten-mile foot race for \$500 a side, was run by Henry Derrick and the Shepherd Boy, on the Pioneer Course, San Francisco, Cal. It was very closely contested, the Boy winning by only twenty feet. The ten miles were run in 65 min. 19 sec., or at an average of 6.32 per mile.

4. The first cricket match of the season was played by the Bunker Hill Club of Charlestown, Mass.

4 and 5. An interesting match at quoits, for \$500 a side, was played in Cincinnati, O., between Messrs. Greenhalgh and Finsen, and the latter won by 2000 25 birds each. Some \$5000 was said to have changed hands on the result.

6. Two good shooting matches came off at Trenton, N. J., between J. Dillett and J. Taylor. The first was for \$200, 25 birds each. Taylor won by 15 to his opponent's 14. The second was at 80 yds. bounds, 1 1/2 oz. shot; the other terms being the same as in the first match. Dillett won this match by killing 14 birds to his opponent's 12.

7. An enthusiastic meeting was held at the house of Jas. Parrish, in Third avenue, New York, to witness the ceremony of making the first deposit of \$1250 on the part of Ward, the champion oarsman of America, for a sculling race in this country against Chambers, the champion of England. Expectations were high in reference to the then expected great event, but which were afterwards frustrated by Chambers declining to proceed with the match.

8. The regular spring meeting of the Maggola Course, Mobile, Ala., commenced, continuing seven days. On the third day one of the most exciting races ever seen there, occurred for the Jockey Club purse of \$700, three mile heats, best 2 in 3. Nell Robinson won it in 6:42 1/2; 6:49 1/2. Fanny Washington won the first heat, however, in 5:40.

8 and 9. An exciting trotting match came off at New Orleans, for a purse and stake of \$600, mile heats, best 3 in 6, to all, to go as they please. There were four starters—Emma, Ethan Allen, Gladiator, and Reindeer. Seven heats were run before it was decided, of which Emma won the 1st, 6th, and 7th, and the stakes.

9. J. Ordre and H. Greenhalgh wrestled at Manchester, Eng., for £15 a side, best 2 out of 3 back falls, Lancashire fashion. Ordre was much the bigger man, and won the two last falls.

11. Sewell, the pedestrian, walked 18 miles, at Audenshaw, Eng., in 1 hour 57 1/2 min., by having staked £10 on doing the distance within two hours.

11. A pigeon shooting match came off at Cincinnati, O., at 12 single birds, 21 yards rise, 100 yards bounds. There were twenty-three entries, which were divided into two parties; Mundy's side was won by killing 15 to Henderson's 9.

12. The annual races of the Montreal C. I. Sewn Shoe Club occurred. The one mile race was won by Massey in 6 min. 20 sec. The half mile, by Tait, in 3 min. 4 sec., and the two mile, by Tait, in 14 min. 15 sec.

13. An adjourned meeting of the Junior Association of Base Ball Players was held at their rooms in Brooklyn, when business of importance was transacted.

15. A main of cocks, consisting of five battles, was fought in Cleve-

land, O., between Ohio and Pennsylvania fowls, which was won by the former by the odd fight.

15. A snow shoe race, distance three miles, for the silver cup presented by Gen. Williams, took place at Montreal, C. E. It was won by Mr. McDougall in 21 min 39 seconds, which was considered equal to the best time of the Indians.

15. Bowes and Tabley played a billiard match, 1000 points up, at Manchester, Eng. Bowes won by 85 points.

15. Geo. H. Higgins, an English jockey, committed suicide, by poison.

15. The great curling match for the silver medal of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club, between the Quebec, Stanislaus, and Toronto Clubs, came off on the rink of the Montreal, C. E., Club. The Quebec men were the successful competitors by five shots.

16. The West-end Shooting Club, of Chelmsford, O., had a day at trap shooting. Messrs. Higgins and Hey led the two parties, twelve on each side. Six single and six double birds were shot at by each man, which resulted in Hey's party winning by one bird only, the aggregate figures being 120 against 119.

19. A great cocking mala for \$25 on each battle, and \$1000 on the main, was fought at Detroit, Mich., between 31 cocks of Louisville, Ky., and 21 of Detroit. Eleven sets to occurred, Louisville winning nine.

22. John Holmes, a celebrated English jockey, died at the age of 49.

22. The first of the annual racket matches between Oxford and Cambridge, came off at the last-named place. Cambridge won.

23. The great eight oared race between Oxford and Cambridge came off on the Thames, Eng., and was won by Oxford.

23. A sculling match for £50 was contested on the Wear, Eng., between Richard Clasper and Wm. Lumley. Clasper won.

25. The fashionable ladies of Muscatine, Iowa, walked a distance of 18 miles on a wager of \$25.

26. Ben Bray, an English jockey, died.

27. An international dog fight between the Brooklyn silt Rosie, and a canine of the same gender imported from England, for \$500, came off at 22 White st. It was won by the latter in 13:13, being within one second of the fastest time on record.

27. The double scull race, the L. H. Rondeau, won, doing the two miles in 12:54 1/2, claimed to be the quickest time on record.

9. J. H. Broeck's Reporter was a sweepstakes at the Newmarket (Eng.) July meeting.

4. Boston Club Regatta took place. In the race for single sculls, Joshua Ward, best 3 in 6, which the former won handsomely.

1. Foot races of a quarter of a mile, one mile, and ten miles, were run on the Fashion Course, L. I. The first was won by Nevin in 53:26 seconds; the second by White of Gateshead, Eng., in 4:56 1/2; and the third by the same man in 58:40, closely followed by John Grindell, who, without preparation, made a good race of it, and gained the second prize.

2. Mr. Ten Broeck's Reporter was a sweepstakes at the Newmarket (Eng.) July meeting.

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1. A trot on the ice came off at Mechanictown, N. Y., for \$40, mile basis, best 3 in 5 to sleighs, between b. h. Rockey, s. h. Charlie, and b. h. Andrew Jackson. Rockey won in three straight heats. Time: 2:51; 2:48; 2:46.

5. A billiard match for £20, 1000 points up, between Messrs. Rowley and Handley, the latter giving 200 points, was won by Rowley by 65 points.

5. A raffle for an ox valued at \$200, took place at Reading, Pa., which was won by Aaron Koop.

5. Barey, the horse tamer, gave his first public lecture at Niblo's Garden, N. Y., which was crowded from pit to dome. The lecture was a success.

8. A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Harry Lazarus, took place at the Art Union, N. Y., which was numerously attended, and some first class sparring was witnessed, particularly in the wind up between Harry Lazarus and Geo. Morton.

8. Barey gave his second lecture at Niblo's N. Y.

9. A three mile foot race for £10 a side between Howard and Mills, in England, was won by Mills, in 16 min. 25 sec.

10. The death of the father of J. C. Heenan, occurred at Troy, N. Y.

11. A Prize Boxing Tournament occurred at Kerrigan's Hall, No. 22 White street, N. Y., which originated with the proprietor, Harry Jennings. The proceeds of the house were divided into four equal parts, three of which were given as prizes, and the other reserved for Squadrangular expenses, etc. Mike Trainor, as the best feather weight; Dan Kerrigan as best light weight; and Johnny Monaghan, as best middle weight; were the recipients of the prize. Some excellent boxing was exhibited.

12. A six mile walking match came off in London, Eng., for £10, between David Broad and Geo. Davis, the former giving one minute start. Broad won in 51 min. 58 sec.

12. A wrestling match between J. Clough and E. Buckley, the former staking £20 to £20, took place at Manchester, Eng. After 45 minutes severe struggling, a draw was agreed to, neither man being able to throw the other.

14. A Curling Match was contested on Mayland Mill Dam, near Philadelphia, between Messrs. Laurie and Lamond. The former, by scoring 11 shots to 7.

15. A skating match open to all England, was decided at Huntingdon, resulting in prizes being distributed as follows.—Mr. Scott £8; Mr. See £3; Mr. Green £1:10; and R. Wilkinson £1:10.

15. The annual meeting of the associated boat clubs, called the Hudson Navy, took place, when the various prizes won at the regatta of Sept. 29, 1860, were distributed. The Light-boat, of the Atlantic Club, Hoboken, received the first prize for six oared outriggers—an elegant silver boat lamp. The Volante, of the Atlantic Club, of New York, took the prize for four-oared boats—a handsome water key, of polished oak, with eight silver hoops, and silver mount piece. The Atlantic of the last named club, gained the prize of the six and eight-oared barges—a beautiful rudder yoke of silver and rosewood.

17. A main of cocks, between New Bedford and Boston, was fought in the last named city, for \$20 a peach battle, and \$100 a side on the main. Seven battles were fought, of which Boston won four.

21. A billiard match, 1000 points up, for £50 a side, between C. Hughes and W. Dutton, played in London, Eng., was won by the former, he scoring 1001 to his opponent's 911.

21. A ten mile race was run at Hackney Wick, Eng., by Jackson the American Deer, and J. Golding, for £20. Jackson won in 1 hour 2 min.

23. A curling match for one of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club's medals, took place simultaneously at Quebec and Kingston, C. E., two rinks at each place. The Quebec club won by ten shots to 5.

24. A pigeon shooting match for £100 a side, between J. Donald and T. Foster, near York, Eng., was decided in favor of the former, he killing 54 birds out of 48 double rises, and Foster 46 out of 47.

FEBRUARY.

4. A base ball match on the ice, was played in Brooklyn between the Atlantic and Charter Oak clubs, which the former won by a score of 36 to 27.

5. A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Johnny Monaghan occurred at the "Art Union," N. Y. A crowded house witnessed the entertainment, which was pronounced good.

6. A sheep dressing match, for \$50 a side, was decided at 22 White street, N. Y., between two fast butchers, Roger Gorman and Geo. Macomb. Gorman won by dressing his five sheep in 22 min. 03 sec., while his opponent took 32 min. 13 sec. to perform the same task.

6. The South Carolina Jockey Club Races commenced. The first and principal event was a four mile heat race between Alpine and Planet, which the former won in two straight heats. Time: 7:36 1/2; 7:42 1/2.

6 and 7. A great pigeon shooting match between Messrs. Crossland and Wood, for £100 a side, at 100 birds each, was decided near Sheffield, Eng., in favor of the former, who killed 64 out of 92 to his opponent's 45 out of 92.

10. A cricket match on the ice was played at Chertsey, N. B., sides being chosen by Messrs. Lucas and Moore. The latter won by scoring 119, with four wickets go down, against 97.

18. J. Cornell and Wm. Seeds, contended in a pigeon shoot at Niles, N. J., for \$100 a side, at 25 birds each. Cornell won by killing 23 birds to Seeds 20.

22. A four hundred yards race, for £25 a side, was run at Salford Boroughs Ground, Eng., by J. Nevin and R. Medley, which was won by Nevin.

24. A Champion Racket match was played at Grass Valley, Calif., between Harrigan and Davis of Nevada, and Cleonan and McHenry of Grass Valley. The former won.

25. The champion six mile race at Hackney Wick, Eng., was run between Jas. Padney and J. White, which, after a desperate struggle, was won by Padney in 31 min. 26 sec.

26. Hurst, the Staleyken infant, figured in a pigeon shooting match at Leeds, Eng., in which he was beaten.

26. Con Fitzgerald gave a sparring exhibition at the Alhambra Rooms, 600 Broadway, N. Y., which, peculiarly and otherwise, was a success.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

News, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Ministerial Profession.

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NEIL BRYANT, DAN BRYANT.

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MISS CLARA, MISS JULIA CHRISTINE,
MISS KATE FRANCIS, MISS EMMA GARDINER,
MISS ELLER COLENE, MISS ALICE CONWAY.

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By the first Riders and Artists in the Profession.

The Great Pantomime of

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With new Scenery, Tricks, &c., is given nightly.

Doors open at 6½ performances commence at 7½ o'clock.

Box 25 cents; Pit 12 cts; Gallery 10 cts; Balcony Chairs 50 cents.

Children admitted to Boxes at the Afternoon performances for 15 cents.

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A BAND OF PICKED STARS.

Each member standing at the head of his profession, and without a
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T. MCNAULY, and AGT. ASCHE,
J. SMITZ, and R. M. HOOLEY.

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by the above incomparable troupe.

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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT MINSTREL TEMPLE IN THE WORLD.

The Scenery, Traps, Properties, Gas Fixtures, Heating Apparatus, and Ventilation, will win successively with any theatre in the country, and is crowded nightly by the elite and fashion.

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J. J. HILLIARD, F. WILMARSH, D. J. MAGUINNIS,

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AND EVERY BODY DELIGHTED WHO VISITS THIS GREAT AND
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LOOK AT OUR SPLendid COMBINATION OF TALENT!
CHARLEY WHITE, FATTIE STEWART, CHARLEY WHITE,

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The Proprietor, after much labor and expense, has fitted up this

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THE ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL is situated on Chestnut street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and is in close proximity to all the Hotels within a central circle.

The entertainment will be a rightly combination of Ballet Performances, "Nights" Sketches, Burlesques, and Break-downs, Comic and Fancy Dances, Sentimental and Comic Singing, Aerobic and Necromantic performances, Pantomimes, &c., &c., &c.

The Programme will be charged every evening, and the most attractive performers will appear before the public.

ADMISSION.

Parquet, 25 cts; Dress Circle, 15 cts

Seats in Private Box, 50 cts; Full Private Box, \$3

GEORGE MILLER.....Proprietor.

GEORGE SHELDON.....Stage Manager.

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444 & 455 BROADWAY. 443 & 455
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UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTIONS!

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First week of the Comic and Fairy Pantomime, abounding in beautiful scenery, gorgeous dresses and paraphernalia, splendid Dances and Groupings, Magic Tricks and Transformations of

FORLUNE'S FROLICS;

or,

GRARLEQUIN AND THE GENIUS OF SPRING.

TONY PASTOR.....In his great character of Clown.

Harlequin.....JULIEN KENT.

Pantalone.....BEN COTTON.

Columbine.....MISS ERNESTINE DEFAIBER.

Queen of the Fairies.....LIZZIE SCHULTZ.

New Scenery, painted expressly for this piece, by MR. H. ROGERS.

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Properties and Appointments.....C. LA FOREST and T. SHEA.

The piece produced under the immediate supervision of

MONS. LA THORNE.

The following talented artists are engaged, and will appear every evening:

MONS. VELARDE, TONY PASTOR.

BILLY BIRCH, J. A. HERMAN.

JOHN MULLIGAN, M. AINSLEY SCOTT.

A. J. LEAVITT, GEO. GERMAINE.

Mlle KATARINA, MISS LIZZIE SCHULTZ.

THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE!

Under the direction of

MONS. PAUL BRILLANT.

Grand Matinee on Christmas afternoon, at 2½ o'clock, for Ladies and Children.

ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Parquet, 25 cts; 1st Gallery, 15 cts.

Orchestra Chairs, 35 cts; Private Boxes, \$4.00

ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS,

NOW IN EUROPE,
Performing with great success heretofore unknown in the

ANNALS OF MINSTRELSY.

THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:

H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB,

J. H. CULEY, LITTLE BOBBY,

W. T. EMERSON, M. LEWIS,

J. BURGESS, W. H. LEWIS,

RUDOLPH HALL, D. W. REEVES,

<p

progress in stage business. It is very seldom that one so young is cast for this part. There were some very grotesque characters introduced in the play, among them several huge birds, which were made up rather better than those to be seen in *Laura Keene's Robinson Crusoe*. Altogether, "Baron Munchausen" possesses the material for a very clever piece, and with a few more rehearsals, it will doubtless prove an unusually attractive and amusing entertainment. Ring performances are given in connection with Munchausen, but we cannot say much in their praise, and the introduction of green horses for special acts in the arena is not commendable. On Saturday, two performers, while attempting a riding act, were thrown several times by untrained horses, and, to prevent serious injury, the riders were compelled to leave the act unfinished. Those not "up" in these matters condemn the performers, not supposing that the horses are the real cause of the trouble.

Byrants have been among their patrons with their burlesque on the *Prestidigitateur*, which is very funny, and convulses the audience with merriment. Business here is immense, the only small house the Byrants have played to date being that on Christmas afternoon.

The Davenport and Wallack combination will open at Nibley's on the 6th inst. Several additions will be made to the already excellent talent engaged. Among these are W. Wheatley, manager of the Continental; Mr. G. Ryer, and Miss J. Henry, also of the Continental. Miss Annie Wilks, of the Continental, joins J. S. Clark, at the Winter Garden.

One of the best general minstrel shows ever given in this city may now be enjoyed by spending an evening with Hooley's Minstrels, at Stuyvesant Hall. The company have drilled themselves into harmonious working order, and the band is now one of the best that ever performed here. Young Gray, Ballad singer, has greatly improved since he first opened with this troupe, and his songs are given with good taste and judgment. He has got rid of many of those little mannerisms which so easily distinguish the private singer from the public artist, and gives evidence of becoming a general favorite. Fox, too, is better than we ever saw him before, and his comicalities bring down peals of laughter. He is well supported by Arlington and Griffin. Rollin Howard and Mr. Reeves gave us a burlesque on *La Favorita*, last week, and the gems of that opera were very cleverly rendered by the performers, and properly appreciated by their audience. Barbara Allen grows in favor. Griffin, as the orchestra, is immense in his accompaniments, while Fox, as the patrician balladist, sings the song of love's rugged path in a manner altogether indescribable. On Christmas night, Stuyvesant Hall was a complete jam, and the business has been quite good ever since.

The horse drama is continued this week at the New Bowery. Business last week was only moderate, with the exception of Christmas night, when the house was crowded.

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According to the bill, and our "previous advices," much fun might be considered as "sust'nh." Think of Ben Cotton as Duke de Hoboken, afterwards Pantaloob, Tony Pastor as Gobblewell, afterwards Clown; Julian Kent as Jack Hopewell, afterwards Harlequin; Miss Estine de Falber as Celestine, the Duke's daughter, afterwards Comedine; and think of the rest of those pretenders and their successors in all in good orthodox order. Miss Lizzie Schulte, as Queen of the Fairies, has been won when we thought that, to make a duck and drake dash into that (sister) water, give the fairy's swans some tempting lunch, and carry off her beautiful self to some castle (in Spain, of course) of our own, would be the wisest and best plan of looking after our own afterwards, here or elsewhere. Since those days we have seen something of the race-course of life, and begun to doubt whether the ability comprised in the cast (even Billy Birch, with his mouth shut, as the Oyster Soup Woman) could, as an Irishman would say "rise" a laugh out of us. We honestly believe that the good Queen of the Fairies is more faithful in her attachment to us than we to her, for almost providentially, we may be permitted to say, we found a New York boy, about ten years of age, sitting on our right hand. The gift of an apple brought us on speaking terms at once, while his friends eyed us with approving smiles. As an American boy at ten years is usually equal in mentality to European boys at fourteen, we felt sure of "drawing him out" as the pantomime proceeded. The fairy landscape of moonlight evidently pleased him, but he kept his thoughts to himself. The second scene, located at the Castle de Hoboken, brought in the stern papa-jean and the "girl with a will." We asked him what he thought of that. He replied that he wondered whether those swell head men o' war's men in the duke's retinue meant any allusion to some of the yacht clubs around New York. As those characters were sustained by individuals carrying about a bushel of India rubber faces, we answered as a peacemaker should. When the magic transformations took place, our juvenile friend became quite communicative. He had no doubt whatever about that bower of roses. When a grand chorus arose of "Now the fun begins!" the audience taking the cue from the bill, our little friend loomed up to almost six feet high. In a confidential whisper to us, he inquired "Aint that great?" We thought he might be right, it was his turn then to ask questions, or else he might have broad his expression upon the nimble feats of highway robbery and invisible appropriation performed by both Clowns and Pantaloob as soon as they got their commissions from the fairy. In fact, the two Tony Pastor and B. Cotton "carry on" at the Steamboat Landing in Coney Island, enough to make the spectator expect that some night they will be on the Coney Island, and lake Governor Gil Davis' house in Bond street, New York, in the bargain. In the fifth scene, Bustle's Baking House, the tricks begin. Clown and Pantaloob show their agility, and the scene slips give inscriptions in aid of the pantomime action. Mrs. Starvel's Boarding House seemed to strike our young friend as more truthful than poetical, and he also seemed to pity that poor little Columbine who is seeking for some safe place in which to repose her pretty little head. The seventh scene, Parade Ground at Fort Hamilton, introduces an admirable transformation which we ought not to tell parties who have not seen it so adroitly performed. We may remark, however, that when the harmless character of "them gams" was discovered, a load seemed to be taken off the heart of our juvenile associate. The Philadelphia Porter Depot introduces more tricks, and gives Tony Pastor an opportunity of proving his abilities in painting other people's agility. The ninth scene is a hard hit on some of the "respectable firms" doing business down town on the strength of government contracts. The wand of Harlequin turns a juvenile North out of office case, and a juvenile South out of another. They arguy, clinch, and seem likely to damage things. A miniature Washington comes out of another case. "The Union must and shall be preserved." A Jacksonian sentiment. Everybody of the same age now. Our blood is up. Deafening cheers attest the happy introduction of this little incident. Next we have the tallest kind of demand for toys at a little store in Maiden Lane, and Chestnut & Swindie do a rushing business, but Harlequin and Columbine keep it dancing as gracefully as ever; although, of course, there is no room for them until the last scene, when "the realms of bliss and home of the fairies" actually made our young friend join in the chorus song on the stage. "Aint we glad our task is ended?"

Among all the scenes of the day, going on about concert halls, etc., The Campbell Minstrels seem to be one of these institutions likely to "win at the concert." The quicksilver with which walls are coated seems to multiply the "small profits and quick returns" with which its managers are rewarded by the public. In compliance with the "counsels of the heart" the pantomime of "Mons. Dechammeaux" has been added to the already plentiful attractions at this usually attractive house, and its success has been quite decisive. The genius of French ballet pantomime seems quite at home at this forms. Code of the French drama, and Meusiere Paul Berger and A. M. Hernandez are well qualified to

interpret its gesticulations with good taste. The Roi-Quintet of Hernandez is a comical proof of the small importance that social distinctions have upon the stage, for Roi-Quintet is a much more important personage in the comic business of the pantomime than his master, Mons. Dechammeaux. This is somewhat a verification of a remark, commonly attributed to Shakespeare, that "anybody could play a king." However, in the case of Mons. Dechammeaux, who is properly styled "an original" in the bills, this remark may require some modification. Our only intention is to show the importance of Roi-Quintet's character in this piece. We might borrow from Figaro, and say that he is "Roi-Quintet here, Roi-Quintet there, Roi-Quintet everywhere." Hernandez carries Spanish names, but once under the name of Roi-Quintet, he boasts on the program as the very embodiment of Gallo with just as much of the broad humor of the Porte St. Martin and other Parisian favorites as is required for a relish to a mixed audience. A big bet might be safely made that no human being, speaking whatever language it may, could witness the universal language that shines out of Hernandez while playing Roi-Quintet, and not laugh. The Mons. Dechammeaux of Paul Berger is equally meritorious, and one of the best jokes of the season would be for Hernandez and Berger to "change about" some night like Iago and Othello—only the spectators would have to get their buttons, if not their lower jaws, insured, for this would be a "screaming" farce on the part of the audience. The Laroucieres father and son, are effectively rendered by Mr. Whelply and Frank Spear. The old lady Laroucieres and her daughter are admirably well sustained by Madie Adele and Adelaide Price. The incidental or introduced dances are given with great care and good taste, and astonish some of the occasional visitors who could only have expected so much artistic elegance at a "regular" theatre. The Saturday afternoon performances, intended mainly for ladies and children, give satisfaction to the most fastidious. Indeed, we are astonished at the general muster of positively first-class talent now employed (or within call) for the Canterbury. The minstrels are fully "up" to the times, in either singing or jokes. A visit we made lately, one "orful" cold night, found the place comfortably cosy, and the performances tip top, with everybody in good humor, which is always a safe sign. The Cifford Sisters are sweetly sentimental in their style of singing. Sig. R. Abecco gives Steve Massett's song of "Our good ship sails to-night" with a brave but modest mastery as a solo singer. That Master Tommy promises to be a rusher, whether at a dance or song. Adelaide Price pleases in all her dances, but particularly in the transitions of a medley. Mons. and Mad. Montanari are worthy of a position in any Italian Opera House, and their tritual rendering (in admirable costume) of the comic duet from "Comme il vous plaira" will prove our assertion. We contend that, by these variegated performances, the popular mind is gradually led to a proper appreciation of every branch of artistic excellence. Look at W. N. W. and, Byrly Christy, Frank Spear, and W. H. as the Tintebucto Wards, and the various other favorites of the day. Miss Marietta Ravel and Miss S. are sure to please in any dance the stage-manager may select. R. M. Carroll seems always useful, but as that lively Niggy Wench he is excellent. J. C. Robinson's ventriloquism helps to please all. The stage management at the Canterbury is always good.

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On Saturday, two performers, while attempting a riding act, were thrown several times by untrained horses, and, to prevent serious injury, the riders were compelled to leave the act unfinished.

Those not "up" in these matters condemn the performers, not supposing that the horses are the real cause of the trouble.

Byrants have been among their patrons with their burlesque on the *Prestidigitateur*, which is very funny, and convulses the audience with merriment. Business here is immense, the only small house the Byrants have played to date being that on Christmas afternoon.

The Davenport and Wallack combination will open at Nibley's on the 6th inst. Several additions will be made to the already excellent talent engaged. Among these are W. Wheatley, manager of the Continental; Mr. G. Ryer, and Miss J. Henry, also of the Continental. Miss Annie Wilks, of the Continental, joins J. S. Clark, at the Winter Garden.

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As regards the scenic and stage effects, the tendencies were in a measure inauspicious as the Academy is a new house, art overburdened with scenery, or the usual stage appointments, but in view of the successful management of the drama at this establishment, we pre-

dict some of these obstacles to a complete success will be promptly removed.

The minor characters, with one or two exceptions, were not as well represented as the excellencies shown in the leading parts.

Italians, as well as the French, are to be expected in the "stage" of the Academy.

As the principal character, the Queen of the Fairies

CHURRAH FOR THE FLASHING STEEL.

On long, long nights of winter,
Upon our inland seas,
Our flashing steel rivals
The swiftness of the breeze;
Once more our course we venture
On the rapid gliding heel,
And proudly sweep, o'er the icy deep,
With many a curve and wheel,
Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

We need no gas, nor paraffin,
Since for our lamp suffice;
Our canopy is the heaven blue,
Best round the glassy ice.
Hurrah for the brave old Nor'western!
Hurrah for the steel shed heel!
Over the deep we skim, till shores grew dim,
Then a homeward course we wheel.
Hurrah for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

Steel for the sturdy warrior,
Steel for the editor's pen,
The pioneer's axe in the forest,
The plowshare in the glen.
But hurrah for the steel of the skater!
Hurrah for the joy we feel!
When the skates are glancing, like a vessel dancing
With a wave dividing keel!
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THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER ONE.

FIGHT BETWEEN

Yankee Sullivan and Bell, for \$300 a Side,

At HART'S ISLAND, NEAR NEW YORK, MONDAY, 29TH AUGUST, 1842.

This match had long been talked of, and came off finally as above. As a precaution against magisterial interference, the precise field of encounter was not definitely known, except to those immediately concerned, (though it was generally understood that Hart's Island was to be the locale,) and such of the Fancy as wished to be spectators, were merely directed to embark at certain points and follow the combatants' boats. Though the previous evening had threatened unfavorable weather, the sun rose unobscured and warm, and as early as seven in the morning, the river swarmed with heterogeneous thousands, waiting for their respective "locomotives," canvassing, meanwhile, the merits of either combatant, and speculating upon the results of the day.

At 9 o'clock all were afloat, and the Westchester, (Sullivan's boat,) Napoleon, (Bell's) Saratoga, Superior, Wave, Williamsburgh, Boston, Wm. Youngs, and Jacob Bell, with their heaped up masses, rocking to and fro in the stream, looked like some infernal cortège seeking the waters of the Styx, or a savage eruption bursting forth for ravage and plunder.

Sullivan, who from the "toss," had the right of selection, chose Hart's Island, (about twenty miles from New York city,) and at half past ten the whole flotilla lay abreast of it. Here a serious difficulty presented itself in the fact that there was no dock or other landing place, and the long, shallow shelving shore made it dangerous for the heavily laden vessels to approach too near. The only mode of reaching land was by the medium of small boats, but many of the ardent amphibii, unable to wait their tedious turn, plunged headlong into the water and swam to shore. Thus gradually disembarked, the party steamed in one dense line in a N. E. course across the Island, and resembled, as they picked their devious way along, the writhings of a monstrous snake.

The spot appeared to us peculiarly unfit to the business on hand. There was no available landing place; the whole surface of the Island is covered with a long, rank grass and stunted thorny shrubbery, growing in a soil of loose shifting sand. Even the field of fight, a natural arena comprising the only available spot on its surface, was of a comparatively circumscribed size, and though covered with a firmer soil, was "lumpy" and uneven. Worse than all, the ring, instead of being surrounded by a natural accioly for the advantage of spectators, stood in the centre of an almost even plain, and thus robbed four-fifths of the horde of even so much as a glimpse of the contest. These disadvantages were at once apparent, and from the moment of arrival there commenced "a scene of rude commotion," and ferocious struggle for the ring. Four times was a large outer circle made, and as often did the wild and insane savages break it in, but at last the gladiators entered the ring.

THE MEN.

At half-past one the men confronted each other. Sullivan looked in prime condition. His flesh was clear, his manner gay, and his air confident. He was the picture of a pugilist—small gladiatorial head—quick, bright eye—dial, which from the boldness of its angles and the tightness of its flesh appeared to be a mask of bone-round—deep in the chest—clean limbed, and possessed altogether of a frame which gave remarkable indications of activity and strength.

Bell did not wear the same appearance of gaiety and confidence. He entered the ring with a half careless, half reluctant swagger, which showed that he was not perfectly at ease, and to our mind, his cap did not follow his opponent quick enough in answer to the customary challenge. He was taller than Sullivan by an inch and a half, but not so faultlessly cut out. His chest was not so well developed or head so well set, and though carrying ten pounds more weight, Sullivan (in a pugilistic sense) was the heaviest man, for he had that weight in his fighting points which Bell had in his long slender legs. A singular indication was given, in shaking hands, of the difference of breeding and manners between certain classes of English and American society. Sullivan took his opponent's hand and gave a short, careless jerk of his nob at him—he was but the prize fighter—while Bell, who had been Americanized by his long residence among us, gracefully bent his head, and gave a courteous smile—he would be thought a gentleman.

Bell won the flip for the choice of position and stationed himself on the lower side of the ring with the sun on his back. He was attended by Kensey, of Baltimore, and McGee. Sullivan was waited upon by his old assistants, Ford and Country McCleester. Both were dressed in light net breeches and stockings, and blue belts spotted with white.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Time was called and both came cheerfully up to the scratch. They shook hands again briefly, Bell very cautiously, as if fearful of a rough return for his politeness, and then squared for the combat. The remote murmur of the turbulent multitude were at once hushed as death. Not a breath was heard. Scarce a leaf was seen to stir. The沉鬱 silence of that solitary spot was never more profound. In the centre of that vast arena stood the combatants—two bold men—contesting each other in full position, with momeyptate awe, and gathering their energies for the terrific struggle. Directly behind, stood the seconds of each, their forms slightly bent, their arms unconsciously outstretched and watching every movement of the principals with a feverish anxiety. The whole formed such a picture as one may seldom see. At length Sullivan broke the spell and imperceptibly advanced. He was an old general and knew the advantage of fighting in the enemy's country. Bell cautiously retreated and in answer to a faint call edged him out of his advantage of the sun, and getting it full in Bell's eyes, let drive a straight forward blow, which took effect under the left eye. Bell countered at the same time and caught his opponent on the cheek bone; then followed two or three rapid exchanges, after which Bell rushed in, and at the end of a short struggle, Sullivan threw him handsomely and fell on him.

"Then rang from earth to sky one wild hurrah!"

mingled with clapping of hands and various other expressions of wild applause. Bell rose smilingly and went to his corner, with slight discolouration under the eye, upon which some of Sullivan's friends shrieked out a claim to "the first blood."

2. Both came merrily up, their glossy skins unassailed by sharp fighting. He went right to work, got a sharp body blow and stopped a wicked return. Bell rallied, closed and pressed him to the ropes; then ensued a short violent struggle, which ended in both flying through the ropes and falling hard, nearly side by side. Bell rose and returned to the ring, while Sullivan lay with his eyes

closed and apparently insensible. He was lifted and carried to his corner with his head drooping languidly and even while undergoing sponging, to, betrayed no sign of consciousness—a deep swoon. Many who did not know where to have him, cried out, "Ah, ha! he'll never come to time!"

3. When "time" was called Sullivan slowly rose and walked heavily to the mark; but when there and confronted with his enemy, as quick as lightning, he "cast his sighted color off" and stood the very incarnation of the spirit of mischief. He led off amid cries of "Oay ink at the devil!" from some among the Pall-bearers.

4. Bell opened the ball with a well-meant right-hander, but was stopped, and stopped one himself in return. He then got in a heavy body blow, which carried his man away three or four feet.

Sully came back, wickedly pursing his mouth, and letting fly with his left, caught his man under the left eye, drawing blood this time, a clinch, and Bell down.

5. Sully first at it, made Bell take a brisk circuit to his corner, and when there, planted his left handsomely. Bell rushed hotly in, pressed him to the ropes, and by a powerful exertion threw him outside—both down.

6. Bell a little excited, commenced warmly, and went in right and left, amid the acclamations of the crowd, keeping Sully busy stopping, and affording no chance for a return. At last Sully rallied, but it was no go; Bell forced him back, got in a sounding body blow, and pressed him to the ropes in a close. "Let me go, Billy," said Sullivan, faintly, as he stood with Bell's arm around his neck, at a slight disadvantage near the ropes; "let me go, Billy; I can stand it no longer; I'm a going to give in!" Bell credulously yielded and turned toward his corner, but so soon had he exposed his unprotected side, than Sullivan let drive a right-handed hit, catching him in the region of the ear. Bell wheeled around and hit short, when he caught it again. A clinch followed, and Sullivan threw him in superfluous style.

7. Bell came up with his countenance somewhat "chased"—the upper part of his face was quite eye-rascible, his nose inflamed, his lip swelled, and the war paint trickling (though scantly) down his chin. This was Sully's round all through. Bell down.

8. Sully had it all in his own way again until Bell rushed in, and threw him.

9. Sully led hotly off, menacing mischief; Billy abruptly retreated, and in an attempted rally from the ropes, slipped and fell.

10. Beautiful fighting! Sully got in some seconds which were followed by rapid and heavy exchanges. The Yankee then fibbed him to the ropes, and by a splendid hit, drove him through, clean.

11. Bell's option in bad bread, and his nose bleeding freely. He led off, got in a heavy blow, staved off a sharp rally, clinched, and received a heavy throw.

12. Bell, with his left eye nearly closed, and in solemn black, went in well—pressed Sully, who cautiously sparred away, but who could not stop the visitation of three or four good blows. Sully rallied, got in a terrific blow on the eye, and then rushed in—both down.

13. Both of Bell's peers nearly closed. Sully led off, but was stopped—a rally—a close—a fierce struggle at the ropes, and an equal fall over them.

14. Smart exchanges. Bell hitting beautifully right and left, and Sully on the retreat—a wild rush and close by Bell, who caught his man in his arms and tried to heave him over again—no go; Sully seized the rope, and locked him fast—they were then taken off and carried to their corners, and loud applause for Bell.

15. All Sullivan's. Bell down heavily.

16. Bell came up slow and shy—Sully planted his warlike mawly on Bell's snuff-box, on which Bell closed and was heavily thrown.

17. A rally—a clinch—a short struggle at the ropes, and an equal fall over them.

18. Ineffective exchanges—considerable pantomiming, but nothing done—a clinch, and Bell down.

19. Billy led off, but was stopped, and caught a return upon his gory nose—smart exchanges—close, and struggle at the ropes—Sully ending it by tossing him beautifully over.

20. It was now apparent to every one, indeed it had been several rounds before, that Bell could not successfully contend against his experienced adversary. Sully came up smiling, and apparently fresh, while Bell was dreadfully punished, wavering, and unsteady. Sully let fly with his left with terrific effect, completely distracting his enemy, who managed, however, on a rally, to make two or three good but light returns. A clinch, and Bell heavily thrown.

21. Bell came up groggy, and scarcely able to see—caught it all over, and in a close was badly thrown.

22. Bell falling fast—caught it severely right and left, and went down helplessly with a stunning blow.

23. Bell gone. Sully put in three severe cuts, and Bell went heavily to the ground. Cries of "he's gone!" "Take him out!"

24. On time being called, Bell couldn't come, and Sully still fresh, and scarcely hurt, stepped up and claimed the fight, after a contest of 38 minutes.

REMARKS.

Although there was some handsome fighting in the above contest, it cannot be called a good fight. Sullivan's boldness and admirable generalship, made it too much on one side. He was a fighting man in the true and full sense of the word—light in the scale, and heavy in the field; strong, agile, quick, cunning, capable, a perfect master of his science; and, if the expression may be used, an intellectual fighter; for he was continually fighting in his head, and calculating the chances and results of every maneuver. Bell committed many errors. His first and most gross blunder—and indeed, if he saw Secor's fight, an inexcusable one—was in giving his antagonist the whole ring. Instead of fighting on his opponent's ground, and having a clear field to retreat, if necessary, he took a retreating position from the start, suffered himself to be driven in the face of the sun, and forced into a corner on the defensive, in momentary danger of being pressed on the ropes, and thus crippled. "Cubbed, cubbed, confined," by his own folly, he fought in a 12 foot ring, while his antagonist had a 48 foot one. No experienced general will fight on his own ground if he can help it, and the first inch that Bell gave, when Sullivan was feeling him, exposed his timidity, or, to use a lighter term, his ignorance. Had he presented a determined front, and insisted on a forward movement, he would have kept the sun, retained possession of his ground, changed Sullivan's confidence into caution, and made the fight a longer and better, if not a successful one. Bell, though a beautiful sparer, was not a good fighter. He was not equal to emergencies—seldom followed up his advantages well, and let many a good opportunity slip. In the third round (if Sully was not shamming to draw him on) he might have won the fight, instead of which he passed the profit to his adversary. Mere weight, strength, and science, do not make the pugilist. Some of the best powers of the prize fighter are in the head. He must have an instinctive love for strife, with the rare accompaniment of a clear, cool, calculating head, and a prompt perception of all the advantages and dangers of his situation. A man does not reason in a situation of imminent danger. He acts upon instinct. "Instinct is a great matter." By the above remarks we do not mean to impugn Bell's courage; on the contrary, we believe him to have been a man of true metal, but of little knowledge. He might have been successful with most any other man of his weight, but was peculiarly unfitted to this antagonist. There were other things against him. It was his first fight. The immense concourse was enough to awe and abash him, and unlike Sullivan, who went to win "sure," he went to win if he could.

A RAILROAD COLLISION DODGE.—We thought Yankees enough, but Lancashire men can take the rag off, as may be seen by the annexed little sketch:—A short time ago, in Lancashire, a man well known to the country for his shrewdness in "business"—a virtue which sometimes treads very closely upon the breach of the eighth commandment—happened to be travelling in a train, accompanied by his wife, when a collision happened. His wife received a severe contusion between the eyes, for which the jury awarded fifty pounds damages. Some time after the affair had blown over, the following confession, or something to the like effect, was elicited from the plaintiff in a moment of unguarded conviviality:—"Well, ye see, when t' collision happened, t' ould woman and I wur all reet; but when I looked out o' t' carriage I saw a lot o' fellies in a terrible state. One sings out, 'Ey, lad, I'se gotten my head cut open. I'll ha' twenty peownd for this.' 'Twenty peownd, ye darned fule,' cries another, 'I'se gotten my shoulder out, and I'll ha' forty peownd for t'. When I heard this," continued the clever business man, "I jumped at t' ould woman straight out, and druv my head right between her eyes—and we're gotten fifty peownd for t'."

LEAPING.—If the footmarks of a good horse that has galloped over turf be measured, it will be found that in every stride his four feet have covered the space of twenty-two feet. If in cold blood, he will be gently cantered at a common sheep hurdle, without any ditch on one side of it or the other, it will be found that he has cleared, or has not been able to keep clearing, from ten to twelve feet. In Egypt, an antelope, chased by hounds, on coming suddenly to a little crack or crevice in the ground, caused by the heat of the sun, has been observed at a bound to clear thirty feet, and yet, on approaching a high wall, the same animal slackens his pace, stops for a second, and then plops over it.

2. Both came merrily up, their glossy skins unassailed by sharp fighting. He went right to work, got a sharp body blow and stopped a wicked return. Bell rallied, closed and pressed him to the ropes; then ensued a short violent struggle, which ended in both flying through the ropes and falling hard, nearly side by side. Bell rose and returned to the ring, while Sullivan lay with his eyes

THE TRAINING OF THE PRIZE FIGHTER.

From the Temple Bar for December.

THE system of training in the palmy days of the ring was not very far wrong. As to quantity of food, there is no limit for our prize fighters, though they were not allowed to gorge as the Greek and Roman athletes did. Two full meals a day with meat were considered sufficient, breakfast and dinner; but if the appetite demanded supper, it must be simply a little meat and dry biscuit at eight o'clock, to be followed by a walk, and then to bed at ten.

The modern trainers pursue a regimen very similar to this, allowing some latitude as to smoking, and tea and coffee in moderate quantities; but they keep the strictest surveillance over their man, and never allow him to be out of sight, day or night, when any important match is on the tapas. Running and walking are the chief exercises adopted, the former occasionally as fast as full speed, and in the morning, after which the trainee is rubbed down dry and clothed in his usual dress, flannel being worn for all exercise. A series of strong gymnastic exercises is adopted also. Great attention is paid to the condition of the skin, a point upon which connoisseurs are particularly knowing; it should be smooth, soft, yet firm, and tight over the muscles, having the look which in a horse is called "fine." The muscles should stand out hard and decided, in form like the carving of an ivory statue, and showing no rounding-off by fat. Persons in good health train plump; but if they fall off, it shows that they are not able to bear the severity of the process. Gentlemen do not generally bear training so well as men accustomed to labor from boyhood; and it should be understood that the severe training undergone by prize fighters is not favorable to the constitution; a more moderate system of exercise is preferable for those who are not disposed to sacrifice too much to the reputation of being an athlete of the first water.

The rationale of training is to nourish the body as rapidly as possible, and at the same time get rid of the waste material. It might be compared, for illustration, to the rapid consumption of fuel in locomotive engines by a quick draught of air, and the production of steam from an immense extent of heated surface, obtained by exposing to the fire many tubes filled with water. The best of fuel is supplied to the man in training in the shape of his meat, bread, and water; his smoke and cinders must be got rid of rapidly, so as to excite the fierce combustion demanded for the pace he has to go, and the long-continued efforts he has to make. To accomplish this, the fire-grate and chimneys of the human engine must be kept clear and in perfect working order. The skin, which lets off the waste steam and smoke at millions of pores—or say twenty-eight miles of tubing, for this has been calculated—is of the first importance; hence by long experience, from the Greeks and Romans to our day, trainers, who are no great physiologists, have paid the closest attention to the kin, whether in training horses or men. The Greeks used a scraiper called *strigil*, and they sometimes rolled in the dust of the stadium after anointing, all of which compelled them to use a great amount of friction in merely cleansing the skin. Perspiration is excited and kept up at regular intervals; and the pores are cleansed by rubbing with hard brushes and towels, with occasional sponging, though the bath is used sparingly. By this means also the circulation of the blood in the minute network of vessels all over the body is assisted. Men in ordinary health get rid of about three pounds of water alone from their skin daily; but in training it must be more than this. Then the lungs, being nearer to the central furnace of the body, are of even more importance to be kept at work than the skin; for from them the chief part of the smoke must be got rid of besides a good deal of steam, or in other words, carbonic acid gas and watery vapor. In ordinary good health a man expels about twenty-one ounces of steam daily; of course, a man undergoing great exertion breathes off much more than this. Then the light fresh air is exchanged in breathing for the heavy carbonic gas, ammonia, hydrogen gas, and volatile animal substances, making altogether from six to eight per cent of effete material got rid of by the lungs. Now we can see the necessity for a man having what is called "good wind;" his lungs must be able to bear the constant and rapid contraction and expansion, and the strong action of the heart in driving on the vital stream, without distress. Hence, no person with the slightest weakness of the chest should ever attempt to train, though the regimen very moderately and gradually applied, would be beneficial; for it may then simply embrace the well-known precepts of fresh air, exercise, simple food, no excesses, and early hours. Those are favored by nature who can endure exercise occasionally as severe as the prize fighters go through; by it the lungs are ventilated as they cannot be in ordinary exercise, and the high vigor of the system maintained. In quiet breathing, as much as 170 cubic inches of air remains in the chest, while about 25 inches is expired; but this is raised to 140 cubic inches by violent exercise, and renewed at the rate of from 40 to 50 times in a minute.

The dietary of the trainers is open to criticism upon some points. They prescribe a dry meat diet on the supposition that it makes the flesh firm, and keeps the blood from being watery. This is quite an error; for we know that the strongest men are composed of as much water as other men, and that this apparently idle and harmless fluid is a most vital one, for it forms no less than 70 per cent. of the whole body. The muscles would be mere shreds if deprived of their water; and the singular thing is, that this is not easy to accomplish even in dead muscle, for the water is not contained as by a sponge, it cannot be pressed out of the flesh except by a weight which destroys the fibre; therefore it is considered that water is an essential constituent of muscle. The nerves, which are really the source of all muscular energy, actually consist of 800 parts water in 1,000. Old Thales was not far out when he taught his pupils that water was the life of all creation. It is possible to live on water alone for some time, but entirely deprived of it, death results in less than a week. The trainers are right, however, as to not taking liquids in large draughts; this is prejudicial to digestion, and is liable to produce a chill or shock of a dangerous kind. It is not advantageous that thirst, which arises from all violent exercises, should not be quenched; but this should be done by small quantities taken while the system is heated, and not in large draughts immediately after the exertion is over. It will be found that water is by far the best beverage to be drunk during any strong exercise, such as in long walks over hilly ground in hot weather, and in any of the more arduous feats of running and walking. Tea, if taken cool, is, however, a very light and stimulating drink; but beer, most wines, and spirits, are fatal to all great efforts. A diet of lean meat and bread, with scanty vegetable, is decidedly not favorable to robust health; experience has long taught us to follow the inclination for varieties of many kinds; and perfect condition, even to efficient training, may be kept up by partaking of these, always excepting young meat and veal, which is not only immature, but half diseased, from the process of daily bleeding which is adopted to produce the appearance of delicacy. A diet in which flesh is the chief article